

# MOLINEUX MAY GO ON WITNESS STAND.

## Wife May Also Testify if Her Character Is Assailed.

With nearly two million words already uttered, the trial of Roland B. Molineux will be resumed tomorrow morning, with Harry S. Cornish still under cross-examination by Mr. Weeks, who has no large fund of affection in his heart for the athlete.

Weeks has better reason for a hatred of Cornish, according to the testimony thus far adduced, than has Molineux, and he will go the limit in his examination.

That of Friday was not particularly severe. By insinuating he tried to establish that Cornish's relations in the Adams flat were not such as are consistent with morality, but Cornish denied all such insinuations, indignantly and forcefully, and Cornish, when the session had ended, had made a good impression.

The last two days of the trial have been pushed forward with a rapidity as surprising as it is gratifying. It was thought the direct examination of Adams would last fully a day, and the cross examination quite as long, but Adams was dismissed in about half a day.

Cornish, it was anticipated, would be on the stand altogether four days, but the direct examination was remarkably brief, and it is not thought Weeks will have him on the rack for more than three or four hours at the most.

The greatest interest attaching to the trial at present is as to whether or not the accused man will undergo the ordeal of a cross-examination by the District Attorney, even though he be innocent. There are many instances to prove the danger of this proceeding.

Carlyle Harris took the stand in his own behalf, and went to the electric chair.

Dr. Buchanan, against the prayerful appeals of his counsel, the late Charles W. Brooke and Dr. O'Sullivan, testified and sealed his own fate. It was conceded by the regular attendant upon that trial that had Dr. Buchanan listened to

the advice of his attorneys he would have either been acquitted, or the jury would have disregarded him.

Unless Molineux does take the stand, there is, apparently, no way to contradict the evidence of Heiles and Mary Molineux.

Young Mrs. Molineux will not testify unless, it is said, the prosecution endeavors to attack her character.

Mr. Osborne has already tried to do that in a mild sort of way, when Mr. Hoyt was on the stand, but whether he will pursue this line further or not, he has given no intimation.

In fact, Mr. Osborne is very secretive as to what he intends doing—much more so than were the prosecutors of Harris, Buchanan and Mrs. Fleming. This is probably because he does not know what defense Weeks and Battle propose to bring.

As was stated exclusively in The Evening World Saturday, the defense will try by every possible means within its power to prove that Mrs. Adams did not die of mercurial poisoning. That was shown by the cross-examination of Drs. Phillips and Coffin by Weeks, who was coached by Dr. Hamilton.

There is a very general feeling about the District Attorney's office that Weeks has some surprise to spring, but what it is no one can guess. It was thought John D. Adams would figure largely in this surprise, but he has come and gone.

Of course, Mr. Adams can be called again in rebuttal, if necessary, and it may be the purpose of Mr. Weeks to in some way attack his credibility. Or it may be Gallagher, or it may be any one of the other men connected with the Knickerbocker Athletic Club.

It is all pure speculation, but there is a feeling of unrest among the prosecutors—that is not to be disguised.

It is now thought that the trial will be terminated much sooner than had been looked for while the experts were on the stand.

There is a batch of other experts engaged, but they will be quickly dismissed, according to Osborne, while the lay witnesses will not take up as much time as was thought.

Whereas it was generally predicted a week ago that the trial would extend to, and perhaps into March, the end is now looked for early in February, if not before.

Molineux will be visited today by his wife, mother and the gray old general, but his New Year's Day dinner will be the same as that provided the other prisoners in the Tombs.

# MRS. FAIR'S \$10,000 CAPE.

Wife of the San Francisco Millionaire Gets a Gorgeous Christmas Present from Her Husband.



SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 1.—A \$10,000 cape of Russian sable has just been completed for Mrs. Charles L. Fair. It was a Christmas present from her husband. The Russian sable is the most expensive of furs, and there is one kind of this that exceeds all the rest in the softness and silkiness of its fur, and in the rich chocolate brown of its hue. Mrs. Fair's cape is made of this fur, and it took two years to collect the thirty animals required for the garment.

The cape is suitable for theatre or carriage wear, is twenty-two inches in length, with stoles reaching to the knees and trimmed with tails. The collar is high, the reverse side, the lining of cream white satin, with a deep flounce of Duchess lace finishing the lower half of the lining.

The tails are cut, forming a plain finish at the bottom, and the upper portions of each tiny animal skin disappear in the collar, where the dark brown markings are beautifully distinct.

## MILLOBCKER IS DEAD. PULLED DOWN BIG WALL.

Composer of "The Beggar Student" Expires of Paralysis in Vienna.

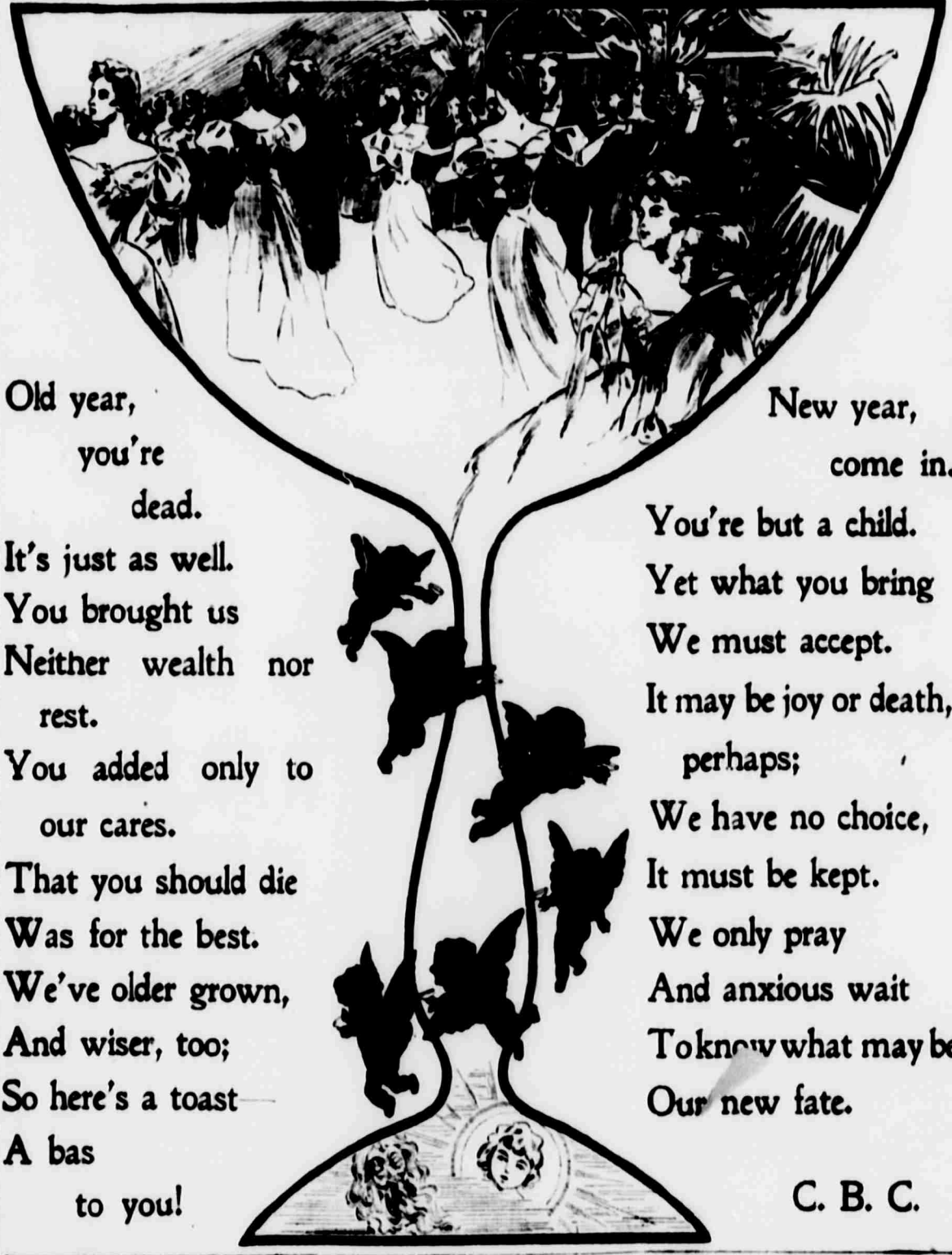
Herr Millobcker, composer of "The Beggar Student" and other comic operas, died yesterday in Vienna. His greatest work was played and sung here last week in this city in German.

**GAS KILLED THIS MAN.**

Theodore Siegel Was Found Dead in Bed—Gas Stove Caused the Tragedy.

Theodore Siegel was found dead in bed at 9 o'clock this morning at his home, 33 East One Hundred and Eighth street, asphyxiated by gas escaping from a gas stove in his room.

# A NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO THE PAST AND FUTURE.



# ASHORE IN A SNOW STORM THE MORGUE THEIR LOT.

Steamship Tordenskjold Was Fast in the Sand for Six Hours.

While attempting to creep into port this morning during the height of a blinding snowstorm, the Norwegian steamship Tordenskjold, Capt. Thomassen, at Jones Inlet, just this side of Vire Island.

As soon as the captain realized his position he quickly sent up signals of distress, but it was a long time before the men of the Oak Island Life-Saving Station could get out to render any assistance.

The Tordenskjold is a large freight steamer, plying between ports in Mexico and New York. She was laden with a valuable cargo of general merchandise, and had on board a crew of thirty-five men, including officers.

She was slowly making her way into port early this morning, all hands aboard happy in the thought of spending the first day of the new year on shore.

A snowstorm had been prevailing for half an hour or more when the fire Island Light was sighted and figuring his distances after making his compass calculations, Capt. Thomassen set his course.

The snow increased until it had shut off the entire view of land.

Engines were slowed down and the Norwegian craft crept along slowly, with lookouts as numerous as if a big fog had shut down.

Soundings were being made at regular intervals and all the usual precautions taken. But suddenly there was a crunching sound forward of the vessel. A quaking and a sudden shaking followed.

There were hurried orders to back water, but it was too late. The freighter was well up on the sand and in a dangerous position.

Quite a sea was running and the waves dashed against the vessel's sides, sending their spray high up in the air. Men were sent below to make an examination. They found a slight leak forward where the seams had parted by the first impact with the hard earth.

The pumps were set to work, but the danger was only slight in this direction.

The vessel took the sand in such a position that she lay broadside on to the sea and the great waves struck her with tremendous force.

The Norwegian flag was at once set up and rockets exploded in the air. Capt. Thomassen saw that he was in a perilous position, and that unless assistance came his vessel was likely to pound to pieces.

The signals were observed by the men of the life-saving station at Oak Island, some miles distant, and they prepared to render what aid they could. A tremendous high surf was on, making it impossible to launch any of the life-boats.

At 9 o'clock the steamer came off without assistance and proceeded to this city. She is apparently not badly damaged.

The Tordenskjold is a steel vessel of 1,164 tons gross, 724 tons net, built at North Shields in 1893. She measures 253 feet long, 22.6 feet beam and 15.3 feet deep. Her sailing port is Tromsø, Norway.

## BIG BLAZE ON STATEN ISLAND

Freight Shed of the Rapid Transit Company at St. George Destroyed This Forenoon.

The freight shed of the Staten Island Rapid Transit Company at St. George, was destroyed by fire at 11:30 this forenoon. Six cars loaded with groceries and merchandise were burned up.

The cause of the fire has not been ascertained. Passenger traffic was interfered with for three-quarters of an hour on account of the hose laid across the tracks.

Nobody was hurt, and there was comparatively little excitement. By noon the fire was under control.

The damage amounts to \$500 to the shed and \$10,000 to the cars. The damage to the merchandise has not yet been fixed.

## Daughter's Body Lies There, and Old Mother Is Penniless.

With the coming of the new year the last nickel of Mrs. Amanda Wright's money was spent, and the life of her blind daughter, which had been flickering fitfully like the candle in the cellar where they lived, at last went out.

The body of Ada Hyren, her daughter, lies in the morgue, and unless some kind persons give it burial it will go to Potter's Field.

And the mother, who is eighty-one years old, weeps in her cheerless room and says she sees in the face of the unfortunate and the unnamed her own last resting place.

This is probably one of the saddest New Year stories that has been ever written. In it are mingled love, death, poverty and affliction, but running through it all like a golden thread is the wonderful mother's love.

Mrs. Wright's hair is snow white and her form bent with the stress of age and misfortune. She is the widow of a hotel-keeper, who was one of the best known along the Boston road years ago.

From her mother she inherited a considerable fortune. That was thirty years ago. A year later her husband died. Ada was then three years old. She was pretty and intelligent. She was sixteen years old when she met George Hyren, a travelling salesman, and became infatuated with him.

Her mother protested, but in vain. The union was that Ada and Hyren ran away to Philadelphia and were married.

Ada's happiness was of brief duration. Before the honeymoon was over Hyren deserted her.

Her mother not only forgave her but went to Philadelphia and paid all the debts the girl's husband had incurred and brought Ada home.

The girl's love turned to her mother and they lived together ever after that. But Ada was not the same girl. She had been transformed into a serious, meditative woman.

She began to ill, too, and ten years ago became totally blind.

The money that old Mrs. Wright possessed was slowly melting away, for it took a pretty penny to pay doctor's bills, and a consumptive needs constant attention. They became poorer and poorer each year.

Six weeks ago they moved from Twenty-eighth street to the basement of 36 East Twenty-fifth street, where they hired two rooms. The rent was \$8 a month.

The blind consumptive was in a bad way. Last night there was just one nickel in the old woman's possession. With that she bought some coal. "I don't want you to freeze to death," she said to her daughter.

Then they went to bed. When Mrs. Wright awoke at 3 o'clock this morning Ada lay dead beside her.

When neighbors came and asked what should be done with the body she said helplessly: "I'm too poor to bury her. My daughter must go to Potter's Field, where I must go too, when my time comes. I wish I were there now."

# CHEERED LANGTRY AND OUR FLAG.



MRS. LANGTRY'S FLAG ACT.

Mrs. Langtry's greatest theatrical success during her recent season in London was in a little one-act play by Charles Brookfield called "Comrades in Khaki," the plot and action hanging upon the war in South Africa.

A photograph of the most stirring scene in the play was made specially for The World by John H. Avery, a London photographer. A remarkable feature of the scene which is shown in the picture are the American and English flags hanging side by side in the background. The sight of the two flags don was in a little one-act play by Charles Brookfield called "Comrades in Khaki," the plot and action hanging upon the war in South Africa.

Mrs. Langtry's role in the play was that of a hospital nurse. Mr. Harcourt Beatty played Arthur Delaney, a wounded soldier, and Mr. Edmund Maurice played Jack Howling, a wounded sailor.

Mrs. Langtry is now on her way to this country.

# QUEER SINKING OF TUGBOAT.

The Emma J. Kennedy Went Down in 30 Feet of Water.

The tugboat Emma J. Kennedy sank mysteriously at her moorings at pier 19 East River about 4 o'clock this morning. She lies in thirty feet of water with only the top of her smokestack showing above the surface.

Two members of the crew had a narrow escape from going down with the sinking boat.

They were the fireman, Frank Smith, and a deck-hand, Bernard Olsen, who were asleep in their berths when the tug sprang a leak—how has not yet been explained—and slowly settled toward the bottom.

The watchman on the pier first noticed that the tug had settled and that the rails were nearly level with the surface of the water.

He jumped on board and shouted to the sleeping men, who climbed on deck dazed and half dressed.

They scrambled out on the pier and a few minutes later the water closed with a swirl over the craft.

Capt. Wyckoff, who commanded the tug, was at his home in Brooklyn when the boat sank.

He was notified and has started an investigation. He is not satisfied that the tug could have sprung a leak without the aid of outside hands.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR IT.

Advertisements for THE WORLD will be received at any American District Messenger Office or Post-Telegraph Office in New York City at Office rates. Call a messenger if you have a lot.

## Free Book for Weak Men.

Drop in at my office for free consultation, or write for my little book, sent free by mail in plain sealed envelope. It tells all about the Dr. Sanden Electric Belt, with suspensory, a sure and harmless remedy for weaknesses of men which result from youthful errors or later excesses. With the Dr. Sanden Electric Belt I cured 7,000 last year, and give in "Health World" (sent sealed with book) over 400 voluntary testimonials, new every month. Soothing currents applied through weakened parts at night. It cures you while you sleep.

No charge for advice either given at my office or through the mail. Write or call to-day.

DR. W. E. SANDEN, Broadway, Corner 12th Street, New York City, N.Y.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Daily; Sundays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.

# 1899 was The World's Greatest Year!

Total Columns of Advertising Printed by Daily and Sunday World,	24,782 1/4
Gain Over Last Year,	3,488 3/4
Total Columns of Advertising Printed by Evening Edition,	7,254 1/4
Gain Over Last Year,	1,229 1/4
TOTAL GAIN OVER LAST YEAR, (Columns)	4,718

Greatest Advertising Record Ever Made by Any Newspaper Printing Paid Advertisements.

Number of Advertisements Printed by the Daily and Sunday World,	906,243
Gain Over Last Year,	103,583

The total number of Advertisements printed in 1899 was over TEN TIMES greater than in 1883, the initial year of The World's re-creation as a newspaper, when the total number was but 86,577!